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WHERE FICKETT GOT OFF

By SEWELL FORD

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this physical culture business that is you. the old fam'ly doctor? Oh, no; they unloads 'em on Shorty McCabe, and besome fool stunt or other that I wouldn't have run into by myself in a thousand

But I could see right away there wouldn't be any of that kind of nonsense from Chandler Pullen. The minerats, that's so skittish about mentionin' their private affairs they don't even let on when the house is afire.

And it was a close guess, too. Why, bub that was his steady hangout. I some and took off the chain, he seems way she had of holdin his head. was gettin' proud of Chandler, just on mighty surprised when I trails in, too. that account. Now, with most folks that meets in undershirt and gym. trousers strangers, Mr. Chandler," says he. would have been a case of Channy with him. When he steps into the front real crisp. he was buttin' into a church. Then there's a John Drew bow and a "Good-showin' I wa'n't crushed.

the climate where she was. Her specialty was doin' the swift, silent glide morning. Professor McCabe," from him, and a "Howdy. Mr. Pullen," from me. 'Is he payin' extra, or what?" says Swifty Joe.

"Ah, throw in the reverse clutch, Swifty!" says I. "That's just our way of admittin' to each other that both of "Ahr, splash!" says Swifty. "Since

Maybe I did have to strain my memry some to keep it up, but it was all sport in his day. just as natural as breathin' with Chanlearned was "Beg pardon," and I don't pose he ever tucked a napkin under his chin in his life. He looks the part, bein' one of these tall, straightbacked chaps, with a figure that seems just built for frock coats and dress at all. He's one of the early old kind, havin' a streak of gray in his forelock, though he can't be much over forty, if

fam'ly that's lived in New York for two drink to your health. or three generations and has always been in the swim. Tending out on balls in Uncle Lyman's deep set eyes as his been in the swim. Tending out on balls reg'lar job in life, and it was so he could keep in shape to go against these little 3 a. m. suppers and cotillions that starts in the middle of the night that bel. "Why, I haven't tasted that since Chandler calls on me. That's what I'm here for, and on account of Pinckney turning the key in that door?" as some other brands.

day last week, as we was finishin' up and watches. with a little genteel glove work, he breaks his record. "Professor," says he, "I shall be un-

able to come on Thursday. I am going to the country for a day or so." "That's nice, Mr. Pullen," says I.

"Pardon me," says he, "but it's a beastly bore. I detest going to the

"Oh!" says I. "Got a string on you, have they?"

'Ah-er-a what?" says he. "It's a case of drag, ch?" says I. somebody out there windin' the winch?

Maybe a Lady Angelina?" 'Oh, 10, no!" says he. "Dear, no!" Then to prove his case he tells me for state, county and city offices to file I knew by the look in the boy's eyes four hours—and I felt so helpless when tell me all the thoughts that trouble I knew by the look in the boy's eyes four hours—and I felt so helpless when tell me all the thoughts that trouble about Uncle Lyman. Seems the old boy had been a judge or something. Seems the old a bill of their expenditures during the campaign immediately after election is and quite some of a party back in Ward.

I knew by the look in the boy's eyes four hours—and I leit so neighes when a bill of their expenditures during the campaign immediately after election is in force in Georgia now, and the candi-

McAllister's times. But when Aunt dates who won and lost in the recent Elvira, his runnin' mate, had passed in, Georgia primaries are now filing the he took it awful hard. He'd chucked bills that show what it cost them to be job, given all his old friends the elected or defeated. One of the defeatshake, and moved out into the raw edge ed candidates for a county office in that waited diplomatically for him to speak, of Westchester county, where he'd state has just filed this bill: planted himself in a rickety old man- Lost four months and thirty-three sard roofed affair, and hadn't stirred days canvassing; 1,349 hours thinking and I could not countenance longer this out of it since. He'd been there a dozen about the election; five acres of cotton; years or so, grown a billy goat beard, twenty-three acres of corn; a whole and worked up a lot of odd kinks in his sweet potato crop; four sheep; five gray matter, the way folks will when shoats and one beef given to a barbe-He'd tried to drop Chandler, too; but quantity of hair in a personal skirmish;

handler wouldn't have it, bein one gave ninety-seven plugs of tobacco, sevthat banks a heap on relation. Accord- en Sunday school books, two pairs of in to Chandler's notion, the least he could do was to look the old gent up once a year, on his hirthday dolls and thirteen baby rattlers.

"It will make no difference between you and me, lad," I said hastily, defensively, as though he had condemned Your scorn when you'd condended. could do was to look the old gent up dolls and thirteen baby rattlers. once a year, on his birthday, whether he was welcome or not. Near as I could times: talked enough to have made in knew my words fell on unbelieving figure out, he wa'n't welcome at all, and print 1,000 large volume size of patent ears. this year Uncle Lyman had took pains office reports; kissed 126 babies, kindled to send word in advance that he needn't fourteen kitchen fires; cut three cords the suggestion gallantly, but his eyes While a dog and a cart played well the "This is due to Fickett's influence,"

"Fickett's a chum of his, eh?" says 1. els of potatoes; toted twenty-seven Chandler flushes up and makes a face buckets of water; put up seven stoves, was dog-bit four times; watch broken ett is merely his old butler," says he, by baby, cost \$3 to have repaired. who seems to have developed a strong "Kind of bosses the old man around, thirty-seven pounds of butter, twelve

does he?" says I. Chandler admits that he does. More'n lead pencils, one Bible dictionary, one that, he lets out that he's almost afraid mow blade, two hoes, one overcoat, five of Fickett himself. But he's bound to boxes paper collars, none of which have go out and pay the birthday visit, meanin' to make one last try at inducin' Uncle Lyman to give up the hermit act liar-doctor's bill \$10. Had five arguand come back to town, where he can ments with my wife-result: One flowlive decent and comfortable on the er vase smashed, one broom handle browhackin' big income that keeps dollin' ken, one dish of hash knocked off the

from his real estate investments. wish, though," says Chandler, "I fuls of whiskers pulled out, 10 cents" could have the company of some one on whom I could rely; some one like—" and then his eyes rolled toward me. Say, it was a bouquet I couldn't

If it's only a one-night stand, and there's likely to be need of a peace pro-Pleasant the days of the fall with an noter among the hired help," says I,

you can count me in. "Oh, really! May I?" says Chandler. Ere the frost's touches have painted it scarlet and blazy. Grateful? Say, it's a pleasure to do things for some folks, and while as a general thing I wouldn't jump at the hance of passin' the compliments of Keen is the chill of the morn when you're he season to some grumpy old duck 'd never seeu, I looks on this as a kind hat evenin' real cheerful, on a White

roused from your slumber.

Roused by the falthful alarm of the clock on the table,

Roused with a feeling the darned thing has struck the wrong number. of innocent excursion. We starts off Plains local, Chandler doin' his best to e agreeable, and at the same time tryo post me on what I was up against. Shivering into your clothes you make "You'll find it rather a gloomy place progress toward breakfast,
"which to pass the night," says he,
"and our recention is quite and to be need soon to burn it;

and our reception is quite apt to be How that old furnace's tantrums with the make a wreck fast then make a wreck fast far from gracious." Guess I can stand the gloom if you Of the sweet temper you've gained in the summer. Oh, durn it! can," says I, "and as for pushin' in

Blamed if I know what there is about past a stony stare, that's all up to was first married, and how chummy

Well, he hadn't overstated the facts so much different from other lines; but any when he said it was a gloomy place. a man ever had for a wire, Chandler," any when he said it was a gloomy place. It seems like when a man comes in here, and I start in to renew his red corpuscles and take the dark brown spots off cles and take the dark brown spots off after dark when we long it was long see her at times." his liver, he begins to get confidential. after dark when we lands on the doorhis liver, he begins to get connected mat, there wasn't a light showin' anybe they tell their troubles to the dentist, or the man in the cigar store, or
where in front. But after we has hammered the panels and rung the bell for
Then, just as straight as if he'd been awhile, we hears some one comin'. The tellin' of a visit from some of the fore I can duck I'm all tangled up in gas is lighted in the hall, and the door neighbors, the old Judge goes on to tell is swung open the length of a tramp how the spook of his dear departed had chain.

Maybe you never saw a toad with was so calm about it, and seems so side whiskers. Well, neither did I; but pleased over breakin the news to Chanif I ever do I'll say, "Hello, Fickett!" dier, that you'd almost think he was the he drifts in here with a card from His face had that dead white look; and tellin' somethin' that was really so, Pinckney, and I looks him over, I sizes the pop eyes, and the wide cut mouth. him up as one of these air-tight aristo- and the tubby shape around the mid- at findin' the old boy so nutty all at dle finishes off the likeness.

a cabbage leaf."

"The judge doesn't care to receive the long hallway upstairs, the cne lead-

As a matter of fact, the old gent didn't have a word to say one way or the other, and by the hazy look in his eyes I doubt if he knew whether there was two or us or only one. We finds him somewhere in the back of the house in a kind of study room, sittin' in a big us is real gents. It's somethin' you'll Morris chair, readin'. And, say, leavnever have any call to practice." in' out the slump to his shoulders, and the ragged growth of white hair on his face and head, he was a fine lookin' old relic. You could easy see he'd been a

But now he acts like he was doped. fier. I should say the first words he He don't take any notice of me at all, and not such a whole lot of Chandler, either. It wa'n't until he'd been reminded that this was his birthday, and that we'd come out to cheer him up a bit, that he seemed to shake his trance

"And I've brought out a bottle of your favorite old Tippecanoe bourbon, uncle," says Chandler, openin' up the bag and producin' a quart size with a I gets it from Pinckney that Chan-ler comes from some old Kentucky goes on, "that we pull the cork and

and dinners and teas was Chandler's fingers closes around the neck of that bottle and he holds it up to the light. "Sixty-four Tippecanoe! That is cor-

I've got a sort of a leanin' toward that kind. They ain't any great use in the world; but then again they ain't so bad was locked and the shades pulled that the glasses was produced and they goes Well, Chandler and me gets along through the ceremony. That's what it fine, and I has braced him up a lot, and was, a ceremony. Not bein' in on the it was all strictly business, when one proceedin's, I sets back in the shadow

Must have been more or less kick to that old juice, for after Uncle Lyman had put away three or four fingers he straightens up his shoulders, lights a cigar, and begins to ramble on about

A STRENUOUS CAMPAIGN.

Minute Details Divulged by a De-

feated Candidate in Georgia.

(Exchange.)

The law that requires all candidates

Told 2,889 lies; shook hands 23,475

of wood; pulled 474 bundles of fodder;

picked 774 pounds of cotton; helped pull

Loaned out three barrels of flour, fifty

bushels of meal, 150 pounds of bacon,

dozen eggs, three umbrellas, thirteen

Called my opponent a perambulating

AUTUMNAL.

(Indianapolis News.)

atmosphere hazy.
Though ripened verdure may change un-

Ere the sweet pawpaws are blackened and luscious and mellow.

And that to rise from your couch you're

surely not able.

been returned.

they'd always been

"she was the most charming woman

"See her!" says Chandler, "Why-

got into the habit of payin' midnight "That's Fickett!" whispers Chandler. calls about once a month. Honest, he

I could see Chandler was all cut up once; but he humors him along and "He'd look real cute," says I—"under asks for details. Where did he usually cabbage leaf." Fickett, he squints out into the dark was her? Uncle Lyman gets real elo-Chandler'd been one of my reg'lars for and sees Chandler; but I reckon he quent then. Of course it was his dear most a month before I even locates the overlooks me, for after he's grumbled Elvira—her figure, her hair, even the

The place she always appears was in trangers, Mr. Chandler," says he.
"Perhaps you will allow my uncle to of the cld buildin'. No, she never It would have been a case of Channy decide that for himself," says Chandler, of the cld buildin'. No, she never and Shorty inside of ten days; but not decide that for himself," says Chandler, stopped long enough for him to swap "Now will you say da-da for papa: the climate where she was. Her spe conversation, or ask her how she liked



SURRENDER

By NEVA LILLIAN WILLIAMS.

(Bohemian.)

You were a queen in a crown of green. That we made of daisy stems, With blossoms, too, entwined all through,

Your scorn when you'd condescend To swing in state on the backyard gate,

Rushed on to mighty deeds; Rushed on to close with the kingdom's

And the kingdom's flag defend!
Just a word from you made all this true
In the land of Let's Pretend.

And fabulous feasts were spread. And a niche in the wall was a splendid

Where we danced with stately tread;

And many a heart, with your mystic art,
You'd break—and, broken, mend—
For you'd princes, too, who courted you
In the land of Let's Pretend.

With marvelous ease you conjured seas

From little, loitering stream.

And wonderful ships were floating chips

Adrift in your realm of dreams.

Adrit in your reason of dreams.

An old gray stone was a glittering throne
That I've seen you oft ascend.

Proclaiming good cheer to every ear
In the land of Let's Pretend.

And we beached our scow on the shore of

Ah, what would we give could we but live Again in that glad empire.
Where a wish, a thought, like a genie,

Yet we never knew, as we journeyed through.

That all those joys must end.

When you and I said a gay good-bye in the land of Let's Pretend.

In after years, o'er the Sea of Tears, We sailed from the port of Then.

In a world of women and men.

And here, alas, no pageants pass, No fairy serfs attend;

brought Straight'way the heart's desire;

Your reign is o'er-you rule no more In the land of Let's Pretend.

In the land of Let's Pretend.

Full many a mile in regal style

of the royal coach-and-four.

And no one dared or even cared Their sovereign to offend,

are times when you make me feel I to be.

old times like this was a fam'ly re- down the hallway, and wavin' her hand the middle of the month, when she was says he. union. He has a good deal to say about as she passed his door. That was a due, he'd leave his door open, and sit "The spook story?" says I. "Why, it at the head of the stairs. Further along Elvira, and how she looked when they great comfort to him, though; so about up in bed waitin' for a glimpse of her. looks to me like the old gent has got was Uncle Lyman's, and runnin' right

"Well?" I said, interrogatively.
"It's all right, father." He tried to Over the hill from Babyville,
And just around the bend,
We came one day to the town of Play,

had paused to investigate us. I watched his face breathlessly—my heart stopped In the land of Let's Pretend.

with a dull ache as the fluff of brown fur brought no answering light to his troubled eyes. I realized poignantly,

the wound, for he was trying with all

the might of his sensitive little pride

but the moments dropped one by one

into the sea of silence and were drowned

say it heartily, but I, listening with the

"It will make no difference between

in the heartiness that did not ring quite

me. Again that swift, hurt look, and I

"No, sir, of course it won't." He met

carefully avoided mine. His glance

beating, and then throbbed on again

troubled eyes. I realized poignantly,

then, that the hurt was deeper than

even I suspected and that he had drawn

further than ever before away from me into that holy of holies of his inner self

"It will distress me very greatly not to have you approve of it," I said, going

cautiously, for I would not let him see

"Of course, it's all right," he repeated

But still that false note in

sturdily, "an' I'm awful glad if you are

his brave little voice that tugged at the

"See here, son-" the name sounded strange on my unaccustomed lips. To me he had always been just "Boy." but

somehow he had grown amazingly in

the last half hour. I put my hand on

his shoulder, man to man, not daring to

cuddle him as usual. "She is going to

strengthen the love between us, not

take from it," I said. "She is very sweet, and she'll give you what you've

needed all your life-a mother's love

"But I haven't ever needed anybody

but you, father," he broke in hastily, resentfully, and I fancied his throat

ontracted on a sob and killed it, though

ever a ghost of it appeared in his val-

I have always tried to be mother

s I felt him slipping further and fur-

a man can't grow very big in twenty-

her away from me. You were such a

little, wee thing when your mother died

and father to you both," I went on reaching desperately for his confidence

that I had looked into his sacred sanc-

where I could not follow him.

strings of my parent heart.

ant little voice.

slaughter of the innocents.

cue; two front teeth and a considerable ears of love, detected a pretense, a note

seven loads of corn; dug fourteen bushels of potentials of corn; dug fourteen bush-

true.

He was a fine lookin' old relic.

our rooms. And, say, I takes another graft, eh?" says I. and glum, and he don't have a word to say as he pilots us up to a couple of adjoinin' rooms. No sooner had he padall," says I. "Let's slip out and take a being sprung so sudden was what ratdled off downstairs than Chandler look over the ground. Maybe they leave tles me. comes in, anxious and puzzled.

"What do you make of it, professor?"

naughty things from you."

have kind of a private snap in this wa'n't stung, after all, we catches sight

judge and rings up Fickett to show us move back to town, it would spoil his cations. Ah, you can grin; but you

the wireless business. He's lookin' sour didn't see his way clear to block the rate of a mile a minute. I had the

some trail." So we sheds our shoes and sneaks out cautious. Ours was the first two rooms

"The spook story?" says I. "Why, it at the head of the stairs. Further along

MILLINERYMANIA.

(New York Times.) Did you ever see such sights! Such frizzly, frazzly frights As now the lovely fair Insist that they must wear? And, say.

Did you ever, in your feeble way, Attempt to calculate What it must be to keep one on straight? Heavens to Betsy, no slob knew it meant to twist the dagger in gotten ever that helplessness, and there strong-hearted man I should like you Could get away with such a job

That's why no man Could wear the hat a woman can have been all wrong in my ideas of "But I do, father," he said, reproach-And does, and thinks bringing you up. You remember—we've fully, and the dark eyes he raised to She's not at all gezinx.

bringing you up. You remember—we've fully, and the dark eyes he raised to talked it over so often—that unless you know I do. When the bad part of me makes me do things you don't want me makes me do things you don't want me The hats, not the women. to, you know I always tell you so you Deliriously can punish me. I don't hide the Has got the Merry Wid aughty things from you." Screaming screams for aid. I sighed. How was I to make him Police! Police!

to let me into that sanctuary where he had retreated and barred me out?

"It's not the things you tell me—the wrong things you confess—that hurt me

The things where he had retreated and barred me out?

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, who ever gave you lids like these?

Who is it has designed nost. Those we can straighten out, Such cover for your mind? because we both know and understand. This frame-work in a rag? leave me feeling so helpless. That's where you need a mother. The spiritual where you need a mother that the should get the fearful due?

where you need a mother. The spiritual However, it's no matter part of you that you'd give to mother- Who is the women's hatter, hood you shut out from me, and leave They wear the goods! me just the fatherhood that can only And. say,

grasp the actualities of life, not any of its finer feeling and intuitions."

I had forgotten that he was still a child until his puzzled ever compelled.

Child until his puzzled ever compelled. child until his puzzled eyes compelled Why look pazziz. me. I caught him to my heart. "There!" I laughed, "what does any-

you love me?" Here at last was something he could understand. He drew down my face

Whenever you willed our cups were filled and said blithely:

son not to love her when you know Was it fancy, or did he draw away slightly-ever so slightly-from my circling arms? It looked quickly into his

grave little face and read it truer than he knew. "If you'll excuse me, father I won't go tonight. I-I'm not feelin' very

well. But I'll go some other time-honest and truly I will," he added hastily as he saw my hurt look. "Very well," I said, with an affect-

understand the spiritual side of perfect Call out the cops confidence? How could I induce him to let me into that sanctuary where he from their tops.

When a woman is as pretty as a thing matter except that I love you and What?

MEDICINE FOR MISER. (Philadelphia Record.)

and kissed it on the day-old stubble. The act was eloquent. I took the kiss as a sign of forgiveness and surrender, and said blithely:

"You'll go with me to see her tonight, won't you? She asked me to bring you after I told you the secret. I know you are too much your father's son, not to love her when you know."

(Philadelphia Record.)

The celebrated French physician Ricord out, and if I ever see you again, I—I—" out, and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from know you are too much your father's record without paying for it.

"You—your lying scoundrel: says the out, and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but by the way he doubles up his fists Fickett understands what he means and tries to splutter out something.

"You—your lying scoundrel: says the out, and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but by the way he doubles up his fists Fickett understands what he means and tries to splutter out something.

"Not a word!" shouts the judge. "Gut your father's remainder out, and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from the couldn't connect with the words, but you are too much your father's remainder.

"You—your lying scoundrel: says the foundation in the couldn't connect with the words, but you are too much your father's remainder out and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but you are too much your father's remainder out and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but you are too much your father's remainder out and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but you are too much your father's remainder out and if I ever see you again, I—I—" he couldn't connect with the words, but you are too much your father's remainder out and if I ever

"Doctor, I am feeling very poorly."
"Where do you suffer most?" 'In my stomach, doctor, "Ah! that's bad. Please shut your eyes. Now put out your tongue so that

I can examine it closely."

The individual did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes he opened his eyes, and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricord in the meantime had disappeared.

And, say, the wet streak he trailed down the stairs was still there next mornin'. Where it led to, or where he shed the wig and sheet, I ain't heard; but I guess that'll be his last appearance in the Elvira tole.

MNEMONIC SYSTEM AT FAULT.

"Very well," I said, with an affected and dignified indifference that belied the pain and disappointment. "Whenever you feel well enough I'll be glad to have you go. But as she is expecting you, will you send a message? Gentlemen always send some word of excuse when they disappoint a lady."

I glanced furtively at the serious little face of the serious little face of the serious little face of the serious little person on the log beside men, and wondered if he had any idea how far I was trying him in my effort to understand and draw him back where we walked side by side in open and perfect confidence.

Continued on Page 8.

(Lippincott's Magazine.)

An official of the department of commerce and labor, who had been directed by his chief to draw ap a summary of the conclusions of certain distinguished authorities on engineering, met with disaster not long ago when he had occasion to refer to certain statements of A. R. Colquboun's name there should be a swell Fifth avenue hotel, and is goin' to quit the hermit stunt for good.

"That's easy to remember," the official had said, adopting an easy system in economics. "M. I. C. E." spells 'mice."

"That's easy to remember," the official had said, adopting an easy system in economics. "M. I. C. E. spells 'mice."

"This memory system was of little avail, however, for when the official handed in his summary the letters after Mr. Colquinity how he was goin' to act. But it works out all right. Seems It was just some such jar that his system needed. Now I hears from Chandler that he's had the face lambrequins sheared off, booked a suite of rooms in a swell Fifth avenue hotel, and is goin' to quit the hermit stunt for good.

"That's easy to remember," the official had been told that after Mr. Colquinity had been told that after Mr. Colquinity had been told that after Mr. Colquinity had a swell Fifth avenue hotel, and is goin' to quit the hermit stunt for good.

"That's easy to remember," the official had been told that after Mr. Colquinity had been told that after Mr. Colqui (Lippincott's Magazine.)

past his door was the long hallway where Elvira was in the habit of doin' her glide. What I was achin' to do was to get a good look at that spook course. There was a low burnin' gas jet in a red globe up there, so I steps along that

First thing I notices is that the hall-way ain't level, but has a gradual slope down from the L. which was built higher. They'd fixed it that way instead of puttin' in a few steps. Another funny thing was that the hall carpet was laid to one side, instead of in the middle, leavin' about two feet of bare floor the length of the hall.

I goes pokin' along clear to the end. where there's a door openin' into the servants' quarters. Just beside the door was a set of drawers built into the wall, like a linen closet. Bein' as I was ingestigatin', I takes a notion to pull a couple of them drawers out, and in the second one I runs across somethin' that gives me the creeps up my back for a minute. Then I takes another squint and snickers. After that I shuts it and puts back for Chandler.

"Chandler," says I, "if Mr. Fickett had any say in managin' these spook dates, don't you figure that Elvira would be apt to show up tonight?" "Considering the fact that he would

wish to counteract the possible effect of my visit, I should say that he would wish her to appear," says he. "Then slide in here while I put you next to a little plan of mine," says I.

At first Chandler didn't want to go in for anything of the kind, bein' afraid that if we made a mistake and the old man found out he'd get his back up worse than ever. But when I told him what I'd seen in the drawer, and showed him how we couldn't miss fire if Fickett stuck to his program, he had

For an hour we laid low, waitin' until everyone had turned in, and then we sets to work. First we goes down cellar and finds a big wooden washtub. Next we lugs fourteen pails of water from the kitchen and fills her full. The last touch was to set it in just the right place and stretch a piece of clothes line across from one doorknob to another. Then we squats down in the dark to see what is goin' to happen, feelin' like a couple of kids on Halloween night. Ever wait haif an hour doubled up on

your hunkers, listenin' for the clock to strike? I'd have bet it was near mornin' when the first tap of twelve comes. We counts until it strikes clear through, and then pricks up our ears and strains our eyes up the hall. Maybe we was

Uncle Lyman squirms a little uneasy in his chair, as if he didn't want to give up; but at last he puts his hand up to his mouth and whispers, "Fickett."

According to Chandler, he did. He wards us. Say, I ain't ever seen a real spook, and don't want to, because I ment, handlin' all the household funds, don't believe in 'em, anyway; but if the "Oh!" says Chandler, like he'd seen a and transactin' most of Uncle Lyman's accounts I've had of 'em has been right, this thing that we sees comin' our way was all reg'lar and accordin' to specificlose look at this gent who had the Marconi company skinned to death on something of the kind all along, but wouldn't have felt so gay if you'd been .

"Gee, Chandier!" says I, "it's comin' with bells on."

"Sus-sus-stop it. cu-cu-can't you?" says he, hoarse and excited. "We-e-e-e-ou!" says I. And, say,

what I let out that yell for was more'n I know. It just had to come, and it was Next minute there's a sound like hit-

tin' a feather bed with a club, the doorknobs creak as if they was bein' pulled out by the roots, some one uncorks an "Ugh!" that must have started from down deep, and then there's a splash that sends water all over both of us and clear to the ceilin'. It was that cold sprinkle that brings me to. "Turn on that light!" I sings out to

Chandler, as I makes a jump for the

But there wa'n't any need to rush. and we hadn't made any mistake. In spite of the lovely long brown wig and the soakin' sheet draperies, we could recognize Fickett. He was jammed in good and solid, too, havin' turned a complete flip-flop when he struck the rope, and landed in the tub as neat as if he'd been practicin' that particular stunt for a year. We was still standin' there, watchin' him tryin' to swab the water out of his eyes, when here comes Uncle Lyman tiptoein' down the hall.

"What-what is it?" says he. "It's something you've been watchin' for," says I. "Take a look."

With that he steps around where he can get a good view of what he has in the tub. "Why, Fickett!" says he, 'What on earth has happened to-' And just then he gets a glimpse of Fickett's feet that was stickin' straight up. Strapped on his shoes was what I'd seen in that drawer-a pair of these rubber wheeled, bicycle roller skates. Them and the wig and the slieet told the story of that Elvira glide business plainer than a whole raft of expert testimony.

"You-your lying scoundrei!" says the

"Come Little Bright Eyes," says I. gettin' a grip on his hands and bracin' one foot on the tub for a hard yank. "It's you' for the fresh air. Up you

And, say, the wet streak he left as he

pearance in the Elvira role. As for Uncle Lyman, he was so broke up over findin' out how he'd been played